

Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp, two different times. 247  
Othe and Joe probably had a double vault, and probably buried in the Hannah cemetery.  
(I couldn't find a stone of Othe or Joe in the cemetery).

Dave: If Joe Hannah was buried over there in the Hannah cemetery then that would be in the early 1800's--? Allie: Yes, they were buried over there (near the present cemetery) and later an apple tree in the orchard grew up ~~near~~ the old cemetery was and they took the monument or stone up and put it in the cemetery and left the grave buried there. There was nothing they could do about it. The stone is a little square.

John Rose married Aunt Melinda Hannah. ~~IX~~ Robert Rose was a son of John Rose.  
...and Stella Rose died last year at about 94. *She was married to Harmon Bonner*

Dave: I've heard that a lot of people stopped in at the house of Jim Gibson and he fed a lot of people. Allie: "They always cooked a 1/2 bushel --Potatoes, beans or corn. The big pot is still back there now. We made bread --2 pans of bread. I don't know how he (Jim) provided it all. He'd been a millionaire if he hadn't let people steal from him. He bought a lot of timber land down in Webster County near Webster Springs--all that-- and didn't get reserved one iota of minerals--coal, and they mined all that land.

Where did the land come from where Uncle Bob Gibson lived.: Did the Sharp's have anything to do with it? Allie: That was Gibson Land all the time..  
The land on Slatyfork (Creek) running up to the top of the mountain (near Laurel Run of Slatyfork creek), my mother, Ella, owned over 200 acres and Aunt Melinda's land came in between mom's and another piece of property where it was flat down at the creek and we put out apple trees there one year (across from Lowell Gibson's new cabin).  
Dave: There used to be some apple trees there a few years ago, --maybe still there.)  
The government owns the land but mom reserved the mineral rights.  
Ada and I went up there once and fished at the hole of water near the apple trees.

helped mom with the dishes etc. and helped her some in the garden. My sister, Florence, went out with the horses in the woods with the men. She could harness up horse as well as a man could. She worked with horses and skidded logs. Once a man asked her where he could "do his business" (BM) thinking she was a man and she said: "right over there" ha.

May 1980

Frank Hannah: Harmon Bonner was a brother of Ler. Bonner, father of Hubert and Gammeth Bonner -- Dave went to grade school with them. They lived in Harmon Sharp's old log house across the creek from where Big Spring empties into Elk (Slatyfork)

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Dave: they put the telephone line through here in 1898-1899. Tell me about it. Allie: We kids imitated the line by putting elder bush poles in the ground and truing strings on it. Dave: Dad said David Hannah lived just above Sam Hannah's place --beside the present road when Otha died and saw his vision. He said it was a log house, two stories. He said he'd been in that house when he was a boy and he said it burned. Didn't David Hannah live there before he moved down to the log house at Page Hannah's? Allie: I never heard of him living up there near Sam Hannah's. Dave: Who lived in the old house there near Sam Hannah's? Allie: Aunt Leah Hannah stayed there--Bowd Hannah--bee, I wonder what those people's name was. The Gibson house was an old log house up the hollow (at Sam Hannah's?--Dave) Dave: I stopped there and the old chimney rocks are still there between the old and new road. Allie: seems like the Browns lived there. I'll tell a little story. Grandma Hannah (Hester) was there to visit and she said Elmer Rider was a little boy and he visited there and there was a Rider lived there then--Elmer's daddy. He said he got a hair in something (eating) and she was so mad at him for saying loudly "gotta hair, what am I going to do with it"? Grandma told us kids, you know, "what that boy should have done was take that hair out and said nothing about it" It must have been a Rider that lived there because Elmer was there. (Dad told us the story about the boy and the hair, but I never remembered who it was--Dave).

Dave: Ivan, in one of his tapes he made said: "David Hannah lived in that log house before it burned." Allie: that isn't the same house. That's the one over where Archie (page Hannah's) Jim Jackson lived there (Archie's place), after David lived there--in my time. My mother (Ella) stayed there with uncle Henry and aunt Mag when Ernest Hannah was born--he moved to New Mexico. (Dave: Frank Hannah said David sold the place to Sam Hannah before he died.) Allie: when David died he (~~Ernest~~) left (what?) to George and Henry. Henry only had one boy and afraid he'd get in meanness and he kept moving like "a turkey gobbler"--jumping from place to place. Then they must have sold the place to Sam Hannah. George and Henry were to look after their mother, Hester. Uncle (George) was a minister and moved a lot and Uncle Henry was a merchant and he just went from place to place--Arbovale, Renick's Valley, and so many places. He married Mag McClure. She's buried at Droop. She came back after Uncle Henry died from New Mexico and came back to her sisters and died down at Bee..... (?)

L.D.'s Courtin': Allie: A school teacher was boarding at Mother's and uncle Luther was going with her (Lena Kenniston?). He'd been coming up pretty regularly to see her. Had to go horseback. So grandmother or Stella down there put some biscuits in his pocket. So when he got ~~down~~ off the horse at the barn, whe, he threw the biscuit out of his pocket and the chickens just scrambled for it. Embarrassed him. It may have been Lena Kennison. Mom had a picture of her. I was only about 2 years old when Luther and Laura married. Laura said she thought I was the cutest child she ever saw. She took a likening to me and we were always like mother and daughter. I believe even closer. I always thought so much of her. My father, Bob Gibson (wagons) went to Huttonsville to the train to bring Uncle Luther groceries etc. One of Suzie Rider's brothers or her father was drowned in the river (Tygart). I think he was a Brown. Dave: Dad told once of someone drunk and drowning in Tygart River. Allie: that was him. Suzie's father I think. He was a Brown. I wonder where the Brown's came from and the Jacksons?

Allie: .....Martha Hannah. That must have been the John Hannah's family. Forest's grandfather was ..(John?) (David and John brothers?) ... Where the Hugh Hannah house is--was--a log house. I never remembered Forest's grandfather except when he was buried. I remembered. I wondered why that woman was sitting on the bed crying. I was a child. It was Aunt Mandy Hambrick with one of Lee Hambricks little ones --baby one.

Dave: Dad said when he visited up there, this woman (Martha Hannah?) would put out the candle ~~unk~~ till the prayer was over to save candles. Allie: I was the last baby that that woman took care of. She was a midwife--a doctor. Name Polly Hannah. She was a daughter of Dr. Sharp up in that section(?). She (Polly) was married to John Hannah. They ~~liv~~ lived where Hugh "annah" lived--just above Vee Hannahs. That's the Hannah's h's that Luther viited and she put out the candles during prayer. David and John Hannah was their son. John was going to a dance one night and he said the devil was in the shape of a dog and he ran around the fence. When he went to go over the ~~h~~ fence, that dog would be right there. He said it wasn't nothing but the devil. So he just went back home.

Stories by Dorothy (Hannah) Fitzwater: May 6, 1981

Blain Sharp lived down here at the old place (a house just 100 yards below her present house) and going over to visit your Dad and Mother. He lived here with Henry Sharp. He visited Luther's and it was time go go ~~home~~ to bed, and Mrs. "Aunt Rachael" --Dad (Davis) called her aunt Rach. She said "Blain, you can slee where you did last night" (thinking he'd slept there last night). Blain said "it's a long ways to go but I can do her, and he got up and came back over here. They said it was so cold. (Dad's story about this elsewhere in stories) Dave: Dad said that someone was stealing some little things from his store and decided to talk to Blain about it. He said "you shouldn't be taking things" Blain replied: "Tee Hee, it's a good way to get things without paying for them. Dad said he couldn't keep from laughing, the way he said it. ha. (With Blain laughing, Dad couldn't be serious with him as he planned.) Dorothy: John Slanker and Molly Slanker's mother was a Hannah. I think it is in the old history book. There were several David Hannahs. Dad (Davis) and L. D. Went to school together (log school) and Dad went to his store around there. (There was a circus there once. LD had some kind of a tent and told dad to take care of it and he went off and talked to his girls (teenagers?)) Dorothy: John Hannah was the Hannah that had slaves. He lived, I guess down here. Grandpa Hannah---Shell Hannahs father (?) They were burried just below the Hannah cemetery. They moved it because of water. --- moved them back up on the hill. Whites and Slaves both. Grandpa Hannah was burried down there. He was the one that jumped the ditch as reported in the history book. John's boys were Andy and Bill. Uncle Andy Hannah married a "White" girl and so did uncle Bill Hannah--married a "White". and they used to say that two of "black John's" boys (he owned slaves and they called him "black" John). married white girls. ha. (Dave:) Mrs. Marvin Hannah told me this store a couple years ago (1980) Dorothy: There was another John Hannah that didn't have slaves. Bill Hannah's wife was Sarah. Andy's wife wad Udora.



Allie Gibson --Teaching Slatyfork 1911-1912 Eto.

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I taught school at Slatyfork 1911-1912. The Trustees were L. D. Sharp and Sam Hannah. I stayed at my uncle LD and Aunt Laura's from Monday evening till Friday morning, for \$11 (I think) a month. I helped with the bed making, dish washing and the like, I helped around the house and store if needed. As far as I remember, I paid \$11 for board. I loved them very much. I'm sure they all had an education suitable for their day. I remember Mandy Irvine tripping and running and doing the work at William Sharp's. I don't recall my great grand--Grandparents (Wm and Rachael Dilley). Uncle Hugh was there. All I know is David Hannah and Hester raised their family at the Sam Hannah's house were James Jackson raised their family. I know my ~~father's~~ mother stayed there when Uncle Henry and Aung Mag lived there and took care of Earnest Hannah--I think she was 14 then.

*Sam Morgan preached at Mary's Chapel*  
Yes, there was an old house where Frank Hannah said on Boude Hannah place just opposite the Gibson place in the corner (Corner? .....)

I think Grandma Hannah (Hester) told me Elmer & Pennick Rider, parents ~~lived~~ lived there. (Elmer's parents? It ~~was~~ was just a vacant house to me. (It's gone now? .

That was Silas Sharp that slept in a rocking chair. He didn't lay down for six weeks. The night he died he asked Grandma: "Sarah"--his wife: to fix him a pallet by the fire. She helped him down. Then he said "help me up" He died peacefully then--just went to sleep. I didn't know of any of the Sharp's owning slaves. Ellis Hannah died in 1915 by an accident.

Joe Gibson's children stayed at Bob Gibson's--and went to school.

Nancy Rider? Anthony Creek....

Silas Sharp: I stayed with them what time he was sick and had a fly bush to keep flies off of him ---6 weeks he never got out of his chair. He had a bench or something like a table on a high chair to put his arms on and his head down to rest. Stella Gibson was there. She could help grandma take care of him at night.

Students I taught: Jesse, Fred, Frank, Dock Hannahs, Ivan Sharp, Willie Hoover, Willie Harmon Gibson, Clyde Galford (just visited)--under 6, Cayde Ogukkuos Richard Gibson, Henry Gibson, Bernard Galford, Paul Hannah, Violet Sharp, Roxie Galford, Viola Jackson, Eula Galford, Beula Galford, Bessie Hoover, Velma Hoover, Maude Phillips, Bessie Higgins Creola Sharp, Emily Hoover, Ruth Gibson, Emma Hannah (Gibson), ~~Lushy~~ Lucy Hannah (Jackson) Bessie Higgins, (daughter of Sam Higgins)

I remember mother (Ella) telling about the log school house at the cemetery. Teachers: Gum Mathews and Mr. Byus. --> He had been left on a river bank to die and some folks found him and named him "Byus" meaning finding him by us. Mother said he was a good person and teacher. He prepared to preach and just preached one sermon and he died. I never asked where he was buried.

Uncle Ellis was driving to town in a wagon & Veo was with him. His horses got scared and he was thrown out and was taken to the Marlinton hospital, where he died --just lived through the night. Russell was at Richmond at school. He came on home. I was at Richmond at the time to see uncle Harmon Sharp, his daughter was Lena Liesty--was at the hospital with her father. Harmon said "you are Bob and Ella's daughter"--he knew me. But I ~~was~~ had left on an early train for Washington and didn't know about Uncle Ellis dying till later.





Miscellaneous Facts by Frank Hannah, and others (Allie Gibson) 252

The father of Sam and Joe Gibson was John. He was burried at Moffett cemetery. He escaped from Confederates with a pepper-box pistol. Sam Gibson's first wife, Mary (David Hannah's daughter) was burried at the Hannah cemetery at Marvin Hannah's. His second wife was Emma Showalter, a sister of Dick Showalter.

The W. T. Morgan mentioned in the Times (1914) was not Laura's brother.

He was a clerk at the commissary that was located across the road from the "yellow house" where he lived. (near the water fountain)

Jake Simmons lived about Woodrow--across the mountain from Marvin Hannah. Hugh walked across from Marvin Hannah's to kill him and he was gone.

(Jake Simmons killed Hugh's little brother age 16 during the civil war).

Henry Sharp (no relation of Hugh's) lived near the Davis Hannah house. He thought he had a brother Joe and Blain. Henry moved to Stamping Creek.

His brother Joe got married. Joe's daughter married Lacy Bryant.

Henry's daughter, Mamie, went to school one day.

Buck Galford lived at the Gibson Knob after living at the head of Slatyfork creek, and he ran Hugh Sharp's mill at Slatyfork.

Henry Doddrell was the one that pretended to be the "Hatfield" gang and left a note in the old log school house for LD to leave \$500 in a box at the old school house (log). He was a former teacher.

Dan Jackson and Noye Ayers lived with Uncle Hugh. Bill Ayers did too and got in a fight with Hansen Lindsey (of Linwood) and cut (Hansen's?) ear about off and he went to Virginia. Jim Jackson and Dan Jackson also lived with Uncle Hugh.

The Pest House was in the big field below Slatyfork town. People who had contagious diseases, diphtheria etc. were kept there until well.

The first time Frank heard a voice on a phone, Violet was talking to some one at LD's house when she said "do you want to hear Sam Varner's wife on the phone?".

Effie Moore married Page Gay--Frank Hannah's grandmother.

Lena Morgan (Mitchell) went to school at Slatyfork with Frank--the school house that burned.

Lesslie Judy taught Violet, Lena and Frank. He was mad at the way the two girls fixed their hair with "rats" (see picture of them in book) and made L.D. mad that he did, and he was going to whip Judy. LD dared him to come out of the house. He lived in the Curtis House at the old place. L. D. And Sam Hannah were trustees and they fired him from his job.

- Allie Gibson: Bernard Sharp (which one?) lived at Davis Hannah Place (married children: Joe and Mamie) Killed in the war.

They moved to Hillsboro --Stamping creek. His widow married

Henry Sharp and lived at Davis Hannah place.

Henry killed at Robt Gibson place. (Henry Sharp)

William and Mary were bro and sister. She married David Gibson, father of William, who was father of Bob Gibson.

David's sons were Wm. James. "Old uncle Jim" was ("Big Jim")

(John --father of Joe and Sam and Nancy)

Joe Gibson's father lived further up the hollow (Shelton Hollow) --back of the church. John was burried in the Moffett Cemetery.

Forest Gibson had the first car in the area in 1913. It was a 1909 car.

He had the first car in Webster Springs.

Tom Beale lived at the "yellow House". His sons: Charles, etc.

Jim Gibson ("Little Jim") father of Forest.

David Hannah left the log house to Henry (merchant) and George--to take care of Hester, --they sold the place to Sam Hannah. It had belonged to Sam Gibson's wife, Mary, daughter of David. Jim Jackson lived there after David died--the log house at Archie Gibson's (now gone) --picture in book.

Frank Hannah Interviewed by Dave May 1, 1981

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Dave: (I asked him something about the first sawmills.--there was one half way from the mouth of Slatyfork to the old store place.)  
Frank: ...on up the hollow next to the store (perhaps he means the one half way?) I was pretty small. Maybe that was when the cut the lumber for that new house Si lives in. There was a mill up Slatyfork between the old school house and the old store (that was the half-way one) I remember them cutting those big hemlock trees. We'd go up there sometimes during noon hour, I think. There was a saw mill near the school house later on (1930's) (Dad sold timber and had it sawed). Dave: There was also a saw mill up the creek above the old store place when Dad was a boy. (On Sundays he and others would push the cart up the creek on the tram rails and ride it back, and may have wrecked once?) Si said the old boiler was sold for junk during the second world war. Si said the builder had a kiln near the new house when it was built to dry boards, and he thought they may have sawed the lumber for the house and planed it.  
Frank: Kellison from Hillsboro built it.  
Bill Friel, I think was the brother of Suzie Rider. George L. Hannah was married 3 times. First wife was a McClure. He fell out with them at Mary's Chapel church and said he'd never go back there again. His wife was there at church and died there. So he had to go back when she died. His second wife was Nora Sharp, daughter of Harmon.  
Frank: Eva (Hannah) Beale taught at the Slatyfork school that later burned. Little Bill Gibson down there was full of mischief, like rest of us. We got some dynamite. There was an old hemlock tree that fell across the road and some one had cut it out. We bored a hole in it and poured the dynamite in it and a fuse to it. On Friday evening Eva's father (Ellis) came down after her with the sled. We lit that thing and looked up and saw him coming on the sled and he had just about time to get to the dynamite. Some one ran back and pulled the fuse out.  
Frank: (Phones) I don't remember the first time I heard a phone conversation. One time I was down at your Dad's. Violet picked up the phone and some one was talking and she said "you want to hear someone talking?" I said "yes". I remember that Sam Varner's wife was talking to someone. That was before we (Sam Hannah's) had a telephone. Your Dad, John Gibson and some others had phones on the old line.  
Otis Gibson used to live up the hollow. He was sick. One winter my mother would go up and sit with him. He had some kind of rheumatism.  
Dave: Did Lena Mitchel (Laura's sister) go to school here? Frank: Lena went to school with me at the school house that burned. Leslie Judy taught there when Lena and Violet went. This picture of their "hair-do". He got mad at them for fixing their hair. They rolled it up around like a "rat". (see picture) He jumped on them about it. It made your dad mad and he was going to whip old Judy. He was going to feed the sheep one morning and Judy was in the house (the Curtis house?) and L.D. dared him to come out. He had his feed sack and some grain in it and laid it down in the road. Judy lived across the creek from L.D.'s store in the Curtis house--the house that was up off the ground (now gone). He wouldn't come out. He taught two schools down there. He taught one school. Your dad, L.D. and my dad, Sam were trustees. My dad said to LD "we ought to get rid of him and get someone else. LD said ~~XXXXXX~~ let's try him one more year. They tried him another year.  
Frank: Roy Rider went up to the spring ~~xxxx~~ one evening to get a drink. He came back and said "do you all want a drink"? If you do, better go now or it'll be too dark to find the spring. He made out like Sam was working us too late, ha. (Story about the Hatfield Gang) L.D. was instructed to put a box with money at the school house. LD put an empty box there but they didn't come that night. The second night the came and got it and threw the box down. They thought it was Henry Doddrell, a former teacher that did it.



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Quotes from Raymond Mace

My mother, aunt and uncle attended the New Pleasant Valley School just a short distance from Allie Gibson lives. Before then, there was the "Old" Pleasant Valley School on the hill near Mary's Chapel Church. For quite a time your Aunt Ella used the building as a chicken house. Then when her house burned, the building was moved across the road and incorporated into the new home which still stands.

Summer of 1921: we lived up Slatyfork creek in the sawmill shanty, and I played on the old boiler.

Jake Gibson married a daughter of John Friel of Indian Draft, son of Jeremiah Friel. My great-grandfather, Wm Thomas Friel a Confederate soldier survived the war only to drown in Tygert's Vally River near Elkwater.

His grave in an abandoned cemetery overlooking Conley Run. Anecdotes about the Sharps: According to the story I heard many years ago, LD set up his first store in the back room of his home. His first stock of goods was ink. One cold winter night a good part of his stock froze and burst. The youthful merchant was almost wiped out. However, the economic law of supply and demand went to work, and the price of ink doubled. Another: Your great-grandmother (Rachael) made a shirt each for Hugh and Harmon. To be sure there would be no mistake in ownership, according to the one who told the story, she said sh would just mark one with an "H" for Harmon and the other with an "H" for Hugh!

Easter Gibson: I heard he was namedd "Easter" because he was born on that day. His mother didn't know the exact date of his birth, and so he celebrated Easter Sunday as his birthday now matter what month or date it happened to be.

The Pocahontas Times Jan 1, 1914 "The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Col met Sat. Officers are L.D. Sharp, President, S. McDilley vice-res. and gen. Mgr. J. D. Gibson, sec and treas. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after Jan. 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justified it (Mace: probably the W.Va. Pulp & Paper co.); the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton Switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C & O. station and the other in the freight office"

Mail service: The Times told of a lack of mail service in the Elk community in the very early 20's. About 9 miles of Elk had no mail service.

(Dave: a letter to Ivan (at Buckhannon?) from mother said a package would be carried horseback to the Clover Lick PO.--no mail to Marlinton.)

Jake Simmons belonged to the 19th Va. Cavalry. He was probably one of the several Randolph County men belonging to it.--?) He was a 3rd Lieutenant.

Donald Johnson's gunpowder accident: Donald was trying to ignite the powder and then mud-cap the bottle before the powder furred!

Airplanes: Paul or Si conducting parachute jumps out of barn with umbrellas. --Donald or Dave--? Archie Gibson discussed the glory of flying.

War is terrible: Frank Hannah told me, after the war, Joe Gay and Walt Allen would get off their horses and fight if they happened to meet on road.

Automobiles on Elk: I seem to remember that L.D. sold gas from drums which he kept in the barn before he installed a gas tank to the front and left of the old store. I remember quite well the gas tank in front of the (old) store. It had a cylindrical bowl with gallons gradations painted on the side. The bowl had to be filled by hand and was fed into the car by gravity. In my memory I can see your mother filling the bowl for a customer.



Si Sharp's Recollections

on cassette 1982 Feb

Capt. Mundy -- Doc Lowe Murder  
Harmon Sharp's

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SHARP 4

Capt Mundy told Uncle Hugh that in a battle in the Civil war, some of his men were down under the brow of a hill and his other men were back shooting over this hill at the enemy over on the other side and they killed one of their own men. He said he thought it was from a misfire or low powder charge and one of the men under the brow of the hill was shot in the back. But it was just an accident--one of the things of war. Capt Mundy and Uncle Hugh had a squatter's deed of some kind for a lot of land back on Gauley. (Dave: that deed is Xeroxed elsewhere in book). That was the way you got unclaimed or unsurveyed land back in the early days. If no one claimed a patch of land you wrote up a claim and after you kept it so long it belonged to you. But I guess some one had ~~it~~ a prior deed or claim to that property. Evidently his claim wasn't good. I think Ramona has that "claim" from Ivan's papers. I suppose Capt Mundy wrote it up. I didn't know that claim existed until after Ivan died.

"Doc Lowe"-- Along about 1890 or before that, there were a couple of young fellows that came in to Uncle Harmon Sharp's at Slatyfork and went up to the head of Laurel Run and built a cabin there. They wore six-shooters on their hips. They didn't socialize with any of the neighbors. They'd come out to the store and had money to buy supplies. They were there about a year or so. They didn't work at a job. They probably hunted some. They seemed to be hid out up there. One morning one of the fellows came down to Harmon Sharp's who lived across the creek in a big log house at Slatyfork. He said "I had trouble up at the house last night and I had to kill my partner. We fell out and I knew was going to shoot me. We sat up all night. ~~He~~ was sitting backwards on a chair with my arms up on the chair and he was sitting over in the corner and we were waiting for the other one to go to sleep. I dozed off and I heard the click of his gun when he cocked it. I knew was going to shoot and I fell off sideways from that chair and pulled my six-shooter and shot

him, but he shot as I fell off and the bullet hit the back of the chair where I had my arms on. I got off it just in time". Well, Harmon's went up and from the best I can remember, they brought him out of there. His name was Dock Lowe. I think he was buried here at the Sharp cemetery. --probably one of those on the back side that had just a rock for a stone. Anyway, they just took his word that he shot in self-defense. There wasn't any coroner's investigation or jury. I asked Allie Gibson if she knew anything about it. She said she knew about it. She was a little girl then. She said she heard about "Old Dock Lowe" getting shot. But what Uncle Hugh said, I understand he wasn't a very old fellow. It was a supposition at the time that they were outlaws and were ~~hiding~~ hiding out from the law till things cooled down. I asked old man Will Gibson (the one at Slatyfork?) about it and he said he knew where they had the cabin up there. It was before Uncle Harmon moved from Slatyfork. G. C. & E. Railroad came down here and offered Uncle Harmon a pretty big price for his farm, that took in all of the Slatyfork area and down the river a ways and he sold out and went down to Elkins, over there at the west side of Elkins at "Steve" (?) Bottom, big level farm land .... and that when he ~~travels~~ had the girls, Mary and Cora, -- they went to California. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ I visited with them in San Diego in the 1930s. Cora was a nurse then and about 50 or 55 and Mary a little older. Mary married a Rhorabaugh and they had a boy called Harmon, and a girl. Both of them are now dead and both younger than me. This is Feb 28, 1982. (The tape continues with some piano playing by Si.

The other side of the cassette has Dave's, Paul's, Ketha's and Genevieve's visit with Violet in Richmond. --Violet's conversation with us.



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Miscellaneous "Loose Ends", Stories etc.

Si Sharp: Quince Harris made whiskey up the hollow (swimming hole) above Henry Shaver's and the RR track, for grandfather Wm Sharp -- sold whiskey. Joe and Sam Gibson's dad, John, camped at the pine knob behind the middle mountain meadow during the Civil war, with Silas Sharp. Wm Sharp, after the war, sewed a Confederate for unlawfully taking Silas a civilian, a prisoner, and believed collected \$500. Colonel Gatewood was probably one of them sued.

Got in the fur business: Jake Gibson went to Edray Post Office and tot a fur price list and gave it to Dad. Dad bought fur and sent to the address on the price list. About 12 years old. Blain Sharp would stay some nights at grandmother Sharp's. One evening, thinking Blain had stayed with her the night before, told him: Blain, you can sleep where you slept last night" -- meaning the same bed upstairs. He had actually slept at his house with Henry Sharp (near the Davis "Hannah house" -- Dorothy Fitzwater) the night before. It made Blaine mad and he said: "I have a good bed at home and I'll go there and sleep" ! ha. Fur Business: Dad had made a \$30 profit on three calves he borrowed (\$30) money to buy, and gave half of it to Jake Gibson to help buy fur, and he doubled his money.

John and Melina Rose lived at Whittiker Falls, down Elk river, (Dad stayed all night there buying fur when age 12). Their son, Bob lived near Point Mountain. Was a surveyor. And he lived at Webster Springs. Rumor that he got drunk and a car killed him. Ivan had Dad's gold (filled) pocket watch, a Waltham 18 size, 1892 model. There was a house at the Gibson Knob, so Buck Galford could have lived there. They moved a lot.

George Hoover was probably the first to live up near the RR track.

Hanson Lindsey was a brother of Mrs. Showalter.

Burn Hamrick, Jim Shaver and Greens "held possession" (squatters) on Gauley. Sam Gibson and Dad watched at the old school house for the "Hatfield" gang that sent a note for Dad to put \$300 in a box in the corner of the school house. No one showed up. Another night he came and threw the empty box and decoy money on the ground. Dad first thought it was Burton Hoover, but a Dodrill from Webster county, perhaps a school teacher at Slatyfork one term, was convicted of a similiar trick down there, so it must have been Dodrill.

Ivan Sharp: recollections taped November 1974. 257  
transcribed - 1980 by his daughter  
Ramona Shipley

This November the 15th 1974 and I have a message here to those who may be concerned in regard to a little bit of history to the Sharp generation and ancestries. Since Mother and Dad have past on to their final resting place with the Lord, we regret we did not make a record of their vast knowledge of our kin and their activities, while here on earth, therefore, I will start with myself:

I was the oldest of son of Luther David and Laura Jane Morgan Sharp. My name is Ivan L. Sharp. I was born July 27, 1900 and so the legend and knowledge that I have that has been handed down to me and so that I have known to be a fact on my own rights, so I'll begin with stating that there was seven children in my father and mother's family: Ada, Violet and Creola, Silas, Paul and Luther David, (junior) -- so I will state that I'm married to Genevieve Orndorff of Arbovale, a daughter of J. B. and Cora Ervin Orndorff and have lived happily together for fifty years. and we have three children- Ramona, now living in Parkersburg, married to Thomas Shipley and they have three boys, John, Thomas Alan and David and also a grandson Jeremy and my daughter, she teaches music in public school since the boys are grown up and away at school and one of them married off, so Ralph, he is taking care of you might say, two families, he is living in Fountain Valley California and has a young son, Richard, and part of his family is in Albany, Georgia- Vickie, Brian, Kathy and Diana. Evan, youngest son, married Phyllis McCutcheon, a sister of Reverend Calvin McCutcheon, a Methodist minister like what used to be called a circuit rider on his own preference, he prefers to deal with country people rather than preach and take care of a city congregation and he has been awarded several medals or plaques for his efficiency in his line of duty. And of course this takes care of the children and except, I might say that Ralph is asst production manager of a bearing factory where he lives, and Evan living out in Madison, Va. has two sons, Rod and Todd and they are both in school and his wife teaches school so they are kept pretty busy, there on their farm trying to remodel the old farm house. And of course, now getting back to my dad's family..

Ada was married twice. The first marriage to Mr. Johnson. She had a son, Donald which is now living in Portland, Oregon and a daughter, Helen, married to Eugene Hannah living in Slatyfork, West Virginia. After she taught a term of public school at Slatyfork, she remarried to Will Curtain. To that union was two sons and a daughter. Billy Curtain, Stanley, and Clara Keene. Then Violet, lives in Richmond Virginia and she married Rufus Mark and who is now deceased and they had one son Rufus Melvin, Jr and he lives in Indiana. And Creola was a victim of the flu after the first World's War and she had anyway it wasn't diptheria, but anyway her throat swelled shut and they had to 'lance' her throat and it turned to blood poison and in that time they didn't have penecillan or streptomycin to cure or check diseases like that. (1923)

She was very talented in music and was doing a little teaching of piano lessons even while she was in the last year of high school.

Then Si, my brother, Si after having a few operations and a slipped disc in the back and gall stones and a few other troubles, he decided that he'd remain single and free and therefore he is still living back at the old homeplace, the Hugh Sharp place where our great-uncle Hugh Sharp lived and of course my dad built the house there.

Then came along Paul. When he went to school at Buckhannon, he met Vonda Lowe and they were married and to this union was born a son and a daughter, Thayer and Barbara. Of course, Paul, after he finished school, he taught school and was principal of the Seneca Trail Public School at Slatyfork for a few years. When the second World's War came along, he went down to Institute near Dunbar and Nitro and went to work as personnel man, U.S. Rubber company in making latex rubber for war purposes. When this factory closed, he followed with the company on to Texas and is living in Texas. Vonda died a few years ago and was buried near Barboursville or Huntington where her parents were buried. Paul remarried again. To this union there are no children and he was fortunate in getting two good wives and of course a good wife comes in pretty good to take care of you when you have ailments and we all have our share and Paul had some kind of paralysis in both arms for a while and the Lord is almost miraculously healing him and he has almost normal use of one arm.

Now Dave, married Sylvia Friel, one of Dee Friel's daughter's and they have a girl of which they adopted and is very bright and intelligent and a great help to them, when Sylvia hasn't been too well and like the rest of us- it's nice to have company around.

Now this takes care of, I believe, my brother's and sisters.

My dad was the only son of my grandfather, Silas Sharp and my <sup>grand mother</sup> Sarah Hannah Sharp. He had two sisters, Ella, who married Robert Gibson and Malinda, who married Ellis Hannah.

OTHER ~~My~~ <sup>OTHER</sup> grandfather Silas Sharp, spent twenty-three months and twenty-four days in a Confederate prison during the Civil War. He had several brothers, ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> were killed during the Civil War. ~~My father~~ <sup>OTHER</sup> I believe, was killed back of the present house where Uncle Hugh used to live. I do not know, but I think he was buried in the back in the 'half lot' now belonging to Paul, (along 219) where Mary, Uncle Hugh's only sister was buried- she died with something like pneumonia during the civil war.

There was Uncle Hugh Sharp, Uncle Harmon Sharp and "Uncle" \* Henry Sharp are the only ones I can remember of my great-uncles. There was, of course, Luther and Bernard. Uncle Harmon had a big family and they are scattered all the way to California. Tolbert after he helped Joe Gibson's buy up the timber land around Slatyfork, Gauley Mt. Middle Mt. etc, for these big companies, he went west.

\* This Henry Sharp was no relative, but lived 1st on middle mt & then later near Davis Hannah's house with his brother Blaine



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Uncle Harmon died in McKellum (?) Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. Dad and I visited him while he was in the hospital. It's been many years ago, Grandfather Sharp, his father was William Sharp, Jr. . III

Harmon

xy

William Sharp, Jr., my great-grandfather is buried at the Sharp graveyard named for him- up near the high rocks. Grandfather and grandmother and a sister. As I said I'm not sure where Bernard and Luther are buried, the boys that died during the Civil War. According to my recollection, Jake Simmons and Quince Harris were the guilty parties that killed Bernard one on them was guilty of that, I'm not sure but Luther may have been killed at the Battle of Droom Mountain. Of course they had a skirmish over on Mingo Flats he could have been killed there, He was serving in the army. So there seems to have been four sons on Wm. Sharp, sr... One settled at Slatyfork, my great-grandfather. One up about the Jake Gibson place and he was, I understand, was maybe killed by an Indian or by a sniper. One settled at Edray and the other one over about Frost.

Luther, he killed at home

Of course William Sharp Sr, came of from England and we were related to the Dilley's. My \_\_\_\_\_ grandfather married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David Hannah who was very religious and allowed no work to be done on Sunday., no cooking or anything like that-Sunday was kept as a sacred day. And my grandmother had a brother, Henry, who ran a store up at Arbovale for a few years and moved from there to Renick and I'm not sure as to whether they were buried there, but he had a son Earnest who went to Arizona, (Phoenix, I believe) and was postmaster there until his retirement. Now my grandmother had another son whose name I do not recall for certain but it might have been

Other

~~Albert or Lee~~ and he had a severe ailment ( might have been typhoid or not), but anyway a miracle seemed to have been performed, he died away and they were making arrangements for a funeral, seems as if his father and grandfather had been to a sale and was coming back and this boy awoke from this trance or vision and tried to show grandmother and the other members of the family the beautiful sights of heaven as he saw it. He mentioned some of the relatives who died before he was born. He said " They are up in heaven, don't you see them, but they were unable to see but the bright lights like the sunset in the evening, but he also told them everything that his grandfather and dad had bought at the sale. .. his mother a colt for one thing. He said, " I can take this baby and stick it the fire and there won't be a hair of his head scorched." But they were afraid to let him because of the knowledge they had of fire... Then he said I'll throw this hankkerchief up to the ceiling, it will stay up there and he did and it did stay. He said, "I'm sleepy and he went to the bed and laid down and he didn't want them to touch him because he had seen Jesus and the angels who took care of him while he was sick in this vision so that left a testimony to my forefathers and of the necessity of having the faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And while Dad related this story to me on more than one occasion, I'm sure I haven't repeated it exactly as it was and of course my grandmother had mentioned what had happened. There were miracles back in those days as there were when Christ was on earth and of course there are still miracles being performed today.

Other

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MY great-grandmother, HESSIE HANNAH was a wife of David Hannah and I remember seeing my three grandmothers: Grandmother Sarah Sharp, Grandmother HESSIE HANNAH and my grandmother, Edith Ramsey Morgan, the wife of Reverend Samuel C. Morgan the Methodist circuit rider on the Edray charge during the 1888-89-90 or 91. At that time the Methodist church was in the Virginia conference and later on in the Baltimore conference and now it is the W. Va. Conference, Lewisburg District. Of course both my grandfathers died before I was born. The prison term of my grandfather Silas Sharp....he was the only one or one of the six who survived malaria fever which struck practically all the prisoners that the Confederates had captured. My grandfather somehow or another managed to get some material, gold wire and things like that to make some rings and ornaments etc. - *Great Pina*

(1884-1944)  
Morgan  
History  
(page 9)  
(79)

(END SIDE ONE: RECORDED NOV. 1974- IVAN SHARP)

This is my second attempt to give some history of the Sharp generation as handed down to me by word of mouth by Uncle Hugh Sharp, and my father Luther Sharp and my grandmother Sara Sharp and some knowledge in my own rights. I have some legal papers but I really have done little or no research as to the history, but this information that I'm giving may help somebody who desires to do some research work on our ancestry.

I have some legal papers to show that my great-great grandfather, William Sharp, Sr. one of four brothers that came to this country, leaving many relatives in England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. They received a land grant from the King of England for vast amount of acreage in what was then the state of Virginia. He had, as I understand it a brother that lived at Frost or Huntersville and one at Edray and one at Jake Gibson place at head of Elk. He was stationed at Slatyfork. In this deed that my great-great grandfather gave to my great grandfather was for some over a thousand or more acres including Slatyfork, Sharps Knob, part of Gauley Mt. and part of Buzzard Mt. Of course, my great grandfather, William Sharp, Jr married Rachel Dilley. This is what the deed calls for and they lived at Slatyfork and were buried on a shale soapstone type of ground, a ridge, east of the high rocks near the old county road. You might say that when they died they were both buried on this ridge, therefore the cemetery was named for them. Of course my grandmother and grandfather Sharp as well as my father and mother Sharp are buried there too along with my sister Creola. I've seen no markers that my great-great grandfather Sharp was buried at this cemetery, nor great-uncle Bernard Sharp or my great-uncle Luther Sharp who were killed during the Civil War. There was an aunt Mary Sharp, a teenager who died with pneumonia or something similar to that during the Civil War, and was buried down on the north side of 219 on the bank of what used to be called 'the Calflot Meadow'. Part of the stone markers are still there. I might say that my grandmother Rachel's sister, Mandy Dilley Ervin I believe it was stayed with them about the time that they died and stayed on to keep house for great-uncle Hugh Sharp for a certain length of time, I don't just how long. She may have been buried over at Dilley's Mill,

(?)  
(which gets father?)  
(middle MT.)  
Wm. II  
(at Fairview)

side 2 (continued)

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in that section over there, as well as my great-great grandfather, I'm not sure. Some of our relatives were buried up at the Hannah cemetery up where Billy Hannah and George Hannah used to live but they may have been relatives on my grandmother Hannah's grandfather David Hannah's side of the house.

I might say that I have here in my possession, given to me by my great-uncle Hugh Sharp, a small family Bible of his mother and (uncle Hester) 31 showing all the birthdays of all the family including my Grandfather Silas Sharp who married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David and Hester or Hester as they called her and lived at the old Page Hannah house. I also have a small type spinning wheel given to my sister, Violet, and she in turn gave it to me to keep in the Sharp family. I also have a split-hickory bottom rocking chair given me by great-uncle Hugh Sharp and said his grandfather Dilley had died in this chair while sitting in the chair. The chair is old and straight, one of those homemade chairs put together with wooden pegs. My brother, Si, said 'It's not much wonder he died in it - it was so straight and uncomfortable.' That is because the rockers are worn flat and there isn't much 'rock' to it. Chair

As I said before I'm not sure where my great-great grandfather and grandmother were buried. Some of our relatives are buried in the Hannah graveyard but they may have been the ones on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house as I stated. A great great Uncle of my great-great grandfather Sharp was located near Frost, Huntersville section which Judge Sharp and George Sharp, former Secretary-of-state and Austin and Ashby were descendants and there may have been some others, maybe Ed, anyway I wasn't too well acquainted with the Sharp's in that section. And another was located about Edray in which Will Sharp and Giles Sharp and Jake Sharp were probably descendants probably Hanson Sharp, Ellis Sharp and Jim Sharp were descendants of this brother. And there were Elmer and Mitchell Sharp, sons of Jim Sharp. Maybe some of these lived Anoto section.

I'm not sure, but my great-uncle Henry Sharp used to live at Middle Mountain until a fire burned their home down and they lost everything they had and they moved from there to about the Davis Hannah house now is and from there over to the Onoto ... so they may be ancestors of Dave Sharp and Elliot Sharp of over in that section. Of course there is Charlie Sharp and his brother so there are some distant relatives there somewhere ... how this all came about I don't know. Now the one of my great-great uncles that settled up at the Jake Gibson place, according to Uncle HUGH Sharp, he died before the Civil War in a rather mysterious way - killed by an Indian or a sniper or a disgruntled neighbor or a hunter - anyway he found dead of a bullet wound, now so far as I know had no children.

Uncle Henry was a relative who was killed on



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Now getting back to great grandfather William Sharp's family. Besides my grandfather Silas Sharp, was Henry Sharp as I mentioned and Uncle Hugh Sharp who lived at the old home place and lived with us 'til he died. Uncle Harmon Sharp lived down at Slatyfork and he died in McKellum Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. My father and I visited him while he was in the hospital there. He had cancer of the throat. He had a large family and I knew most of them. So far as I know he had only one boy, Tolbert, and he and little Jim Gibson were selling real estate around Slatyfork and Elk and through there and after they did that of course a lot of the people that lived around here moved away, including cousin Tolbert Sharp. Tolbert Sharp married a Doyle and he had a son Richard about my age and a daughter, Mabel and a younger daughter I don't just recall her name whether it was Margy.. anyway there were two daughters and one son and they moved to California.

Harmon

Uncle Harmon had a number of daughters, his wife was named Mary and she lived with her daughter, Mary Liesty over at Elkins. Mary Liesty had a son named Lawrence, I remember and of course there was Nettie who married Edgar Dilley. Another daughter married Edgar Doyle and they went west along with Tolbert Sharp to California of near the deserts or somewhere out there- anyway they liked it well enough that they stayed. They were one sister that married George (?) Hannah and she was buried at the Sharp graveyard and there is a marker there, her name was Nora. Another daughter, Cora, who went west, I don't know whether she ever married or not, but she was one of the younger ones of the Harmon Sharp family.

Geo L

Now I'm not too positive about all these statements that I made but it will give you some idea. I might say that Uncle Sam Gibson married one of the Harmon Sharp's daughters too. They had a daughter, Stella, ..Her mother died, perhaps in childbirth when she was very young. My grandmother Sarah Sharp raised Stella. Stella married a Fisher over at Elkins and was the mother of Rocky Fisher (father of Maxine and Julia Fisher.) Most of these relatives that I've mentioned of uncle Harmon's family I remember faintly.

some married Mary, sister of Sarah Sharp

see all the reasons account Stella Mary & Stella

Only three of my great uncles I remember. Even my grandfathers died before I was born on both sides of the house. Silas Sharp died a few years before I was born and so did Samuel C. Morgan, Methodist circuit rider...so I didn't see any of my grandfathers. But I got to see two grandmothers and one great-grandmother, Hester or HESSIE as they called her. While mother and dad Sharp were living they kept history in their minds and of course occasionally they would tell us, but I never thought to write them down. So I make these statements so that if anyone in the future wanted to do some research they would know more about it.

He died about May 10th 1957

Enron

See 2 Harmon's daughters

Brothers  
names  
switched

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Si's  
QUINCE was a  
friend of mine, they  
I made whiskey  
for him.

LUTHER

I think I was  
Bill Hannah  
- not Jake

Bill Hannah

(father of Sam Gibson)  
John?

I might say here that my uncles that were killed during the Civil War: Uncle BERNARD was only fourteen years of age and he was trying to get away from the raiders or Confederates and he was trying to get away up the back of the house where my brother Si now lives and (old man Quince Harris) or Jake Simmons are the ones that shot and killed him. Near the same time that LUTHER was killed probably in the Droop Mt. battle, or the skirmish over near Mingo Flats. He served in the army, as I understand it. But my grandfather Sharp at the time that Bernard was killed, hid in a goose nest when the Confederates made a raid through that section and this fellow that shot at uncle Bernard and missed there, so my grandfather jumped out of that nest while the other fellow was trying to reload his gun and knocked him down and ran around the house to get away from him ran into a whole posse of Confederate soldiers so he had to surrender, along with Jake Gibson, not related to Jim Gibson - I don't think, but may have been grandfather to Jake and John Gibson. Anyway my grandfather had to give up and he went with them and they put handcuffs on him and also on Jake Gibson. It took two fellows to guard them while the rest of them went on to make raids on the farmers, through the section to get food and see who was hiding, and who the enemies were and so forth. Jake Gibson could get his handcuffs off and grandfather tried to persuade him to slip them off, knock the guard down and get his gun and shoot the other one but he was afraid to do that and anyway this fellow shot at Jake as he was running and missed him so he found that Jake was going to get away from him so he threw his gun down and ran after him and caught up with him up near the top of the hill near the Sharp graveyard. Jake Gibson happened to have something like a toy pistol they call it a pepper box pistol and he jerked that out of his pocket and whirled and started shooting at him and the guard ran back. Jake got away but my grandfather was taken on to Salisbury North or South Carolina and served twenty-three months and twenty-four days in prison there. There were only six prisoners, the Yankees, that survived the malaria fever and malnutrition or starvation there. My grandfather managed to get a hold of some gold wire etc. and made some jewelry etc. and gave to the colored maids and those that gave them their medicine and told them to give him double portion of the allowance, so he survived until the Confederates decided that they were all going to die anyway several hundred had died so they agreed to exchange the six prisoners that were left., my grandfather happened to be one of them. It took him about a month to get home. This may have been a factor in his death. He died with something similar to appendicitis some internal it may have been cancer but from what my dad, grandmother and uncle Hugh said it must have been the appendix that burst cause he didn't live too long after that happened. This is all that I have to say for now as regards to my ancestors, I may have more to say later.

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I might say here that I left out Amos and Porter Sharp. over there about Warick that may have been descents of uncle Henry Sharp and may have been brothers or cousins of Dave Sharp and Bill Elliot Sharp - I don't know what the connections are right there. But speaking about my my great- uncle Harmon Sharp. He was the most jolly person you would ever want to meet. You could, he had a unique laugh and I enjoyed hearing him talk. All of my uncles were great hunters and they had some tales to tell experiences back in the wilds of W. Va.

My great uncle Hugh Sharp never did get married. He somehow or another didn't seem to have much affection for the opposite sex. He didn't like to be bossed around or told what to do or what not to do. He had hired different ones to do the housekeeping for him and had had different families to move in with him. He always could get along with the men folks but the womenfolk didn't like his attitude or his mode of taking care of his tools and clothes etc. The fact that uncle Hugh would go out and stay all day and come in for dinner at four o'clock in the evening for something to eat. Of course that didn't suit most of the people that stayed there. I can remember that Dang Jackson was one family that lived there and James Jackson was another family that lived there the father of Will Jackson and Charlie, Bernie and Lucy Jackson and they lived for a while and there were no heirs that lived there. At one time my ~~great~~ uncle Will Morgan and my aunt Fannie lived there a while and took care of uncle Hugh. My dad took it upon himself after Tolbert left to see that uncle Hugh had somebody to look after him, wash his clothes etc. Uncle Will moved back to Lobelia where he came from and then came along Noah Ayres and his son, adopted son I believe about my age, called Cecil. And then after so long a time (Mick's (?) the one that married Merle Gibson and then her sister Eva who married Luther Mace moved in for a while to take care of uncle Hugh. But at one time Virgie.....(end of Tape 2)

8-months

Mick's ? →  
Mick's

(mick's or  
mick's)

(START OF TAPE THREE)  
Virgie Gibson stayed and kept house for a while but not very long. And Uncle Taylor Ramsey and his son Junior and I stayed there with uncle Hugh a summer, Junior was about my age. Later dad hired Rachel Showalter and son Barney, a year older than I was, to help take care of uncle Hugh and so the farmwork. Mr. and Mrs. Showalter were easy to get a long with and uncle Hugh liked her. Mother and Junior and maybe Paul and Si stayed stayed with Uncle Hugh one winter and did the cooking for uncle Hugh and taking care of him while dad and I batched over at the old home place to take care of the feed and the livestock, the store and the post office. Of course, I think perhaps Henry Shaver was taking care of the livestock feeding over at uncle Hugh's. My experience in cooking was to put on a pot of kidney beans, about a pint to cook and they kept swelling and kept swelling and I had every pot on the place full of beans.

daughter  
uncle  
chambers  
children

she married Ben Chambers (no children) (DS)



(side three- continued)

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We had beans coming out our ears for about a week or more. Mother would keep us in bread as well as a lot of other things that we were up to cooking. Uncle Hugh was liked by everybody. One time he had some pet white tailed deer. One special deer, named Nannie, got to be quite mean and one time my dad and aunt Ellie Gibson, not yet grown, up a cherry stump and they had to holler for help so they could get home. Uncle Hugh was quite a wild bee hunter. Seldom ever would cut a tree. As he had fifty to a hundred stands of bees of his own. He would hid his money and valuables in a beehive as most people were afraid of bees - and some-time elsewhere. One money box we never did find after he died But after he missed some money before this he had dad take care of most of his valuables and sent the money to the bank. He lived to be seventy-six years old before he died and he died in about 1923, so I knew him for 23 years. Of course for the first few years of my life I didn't know one person from another but he was and I liked to hear him talk and he had a lot of bear stories and hunting stories to tell. I was at his bedside when he died and he told me the good Lord had saved him a few weeks before and he was ready to go. I was over in the cornfield across the creek and he called for me and I came, and I was at his bedside when he died. He was buried in the Sharp cemetery. A large granite marker was erected at his grave site.

2.  
Another thing about uncle Hugh- Captain Mundy was a great friend of his and made a lot of patent bee hives for him. some that he could take the lid off and watch the bees work. Some of these are in my possession now and I've made them over to take care of sections and the new type of selling the honey. Captain Mundy and uncle Hugh had gotten a large land grant from the king of England of 50,000 acres more or less in Pocahontas, Webster and Randolph counties of the state of Virginia. It may have been the Pennell survey or part of the land that Lawyer Reger of Elkins wanted my dad to bring suit for the title of the land and give him part of the land if they won the lawsuit. The survey appears to have been made according to papers of uncle Hugh's. The grant was stolen before the survey was put on record at least by the Virginia Court. They were applying for a copy to reinstate or get on record, but so far as I know it never was carried out unless this Mr. Reger dug it up in his land search for he was a real estate lawyer. My dad told Mr. Reger the lawyer that all the people in the country would be mad at him for taking in their property. But Reger said they could hold the improved property that they owned but not the wild country that hadn't been developed back on the mountain probably on Gauley, Buzzard, Middle and probably some of Point mountain. Dad could hold what some people call squatters rights to obtain legal title to the property, if fact some big companies had Bernard Hamrick to build a camp back there on Gauley mountain and also a cousin of ours, Bob Rose was also paid so much a month for ten or more years to claim the property. So some of these big lumber companies got the timberland and timber for practically nothing.

(side three - continued)

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Getting back to uncle Harman Sharp. He was the most jolly man I think I ever met. He was always laughing and had a very nice family. He liked to hunt, and camp out and tell of his experiences of his. That about takes care of my uncles, I'll get down to my grandfather later.

I might say I have been having trouble with this tape record er erasing part of the material that I would like to record. So I repeat some and have left out some that should be mentioned. Speaking about the ancestors over around Onoto we were related to Joe Sharp down at Mill Point through what source I'm not sure perhaps uncle Henry Sharp. Joe Sharp had a son named for my father Luther David Sharp but since they have since died or moved away, but anyway my dad and I were at their auction sale when they broke up house-keeping. There was another Sharp over in that section over about Clover Lick. I don't know of any real connection between them or the other Sharps that I've mentioned. Just recently a few months ago I saw an ad in the Pocahontas Times saying that there was an Ivan Sharp at Cass that had some pigs for sale - now what source they came from I'm not sure. There was some other Sharps: John and Ern and some of those that may have been from Bill Elliott Sharps people. There seem to have been two sets of Sharps in Pocahontas County. Two sets of Gibsons that weren't relation on the Elk section and two different sections of the Hannah's that do not seem to be related. In some cases had married into the same name. We are related quite a bit to most of the people around Dilley's Mill through grandmother Rachel Dilley Sharp. Shewas a Dilley and I've heard my uncle Hugh speak of 'grandpappy Dilley.' I mentioned also some property that I have that he once owned. We are related to the Sharps around Frost and that section, the Dilley's perhaps several others perhaps the Gibson's over in that section and so then on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house my great grandmother Hessie and Henry Hannah. They had a son Henry Hannah who was a brother of my grandmother Sharp. I'm pretty sure they had another brother or son and two or more daughters. One was Aunt Malindy (Rose) Married to John Rose. They were the father and mother of Bob Rose. We were related to the Zickafoose's in some manner whether my great-great grandmother Sharp was a Zickafoose or whether the later descendants married a Zickafoose I'm not sure but anyway there was one of them that lived over about Buckhannon during the twenties that was distantly related to us. I've heard my dad speak of so many different ones in the community around there like LU ? Curry and Poague, Cook and places down around Elk river still go by that name and speaking about the Land Grant of Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh's of that vast acreage. The West Virginia History in three volumes mentions about some trouble the clerk of Pocahontas county was having in trying to keep the records secret from the Confederate invaders. They hid the records

← NB

(tape three- continued)

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a while in a buckwheat stack, a while in a Methodist church, a while in two or three different homes. When the war was over and things settled down one of those record books was missing. It could be that this record book contained the information about Uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy, his grant and also my great-great grandfather Sharp's grant from the King of England for property. Of course there is no way of tellin' what happened to that but I the papers that Uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy filed with the I suppose the Supreme Court at Richmond Virginia to try to establish the grant or get it on record again, but I have no information as to whether it was accomplished or not. Anyway we never paid any taxes or it and my dad owned some coal land back on Gauley and he deeded it over to Otis Gibson and he may still own those coal or mineral rights. In some cases those old people back there were smart enough to reserve the mineral rights. We were sure there were minerals in there but in later years I can remember myself that the old Staunton-Parkersburg road was being repaired, they had to use dynamite and pick and shovels and plows and manpower and horse power to repair the road. They put off a blast at the forks of the road there at the Slatyfork post office and within a few hundred feet of a geologic marker in a limestone ledge that produced quite a stream or quite a bit of oil ran out of this sand rock and so the folks working on the road got excited and ran over to where the old store was and told us about it. Dad and I closed up the store and took a crowbar, pick and we gouged down around in that old sandstone and the thing tore loose again and the oil in the sandstone ran out into the water. Foolish like I struck a match to it and it flashed right across the water. I didn't know anything about gas and I reckon I could have blowed the whole place up around there. But he talked to the geologist after that and he said that may have been forced up from several thousand feet and sandrock had so many cavities and hollow places within that it was very susceptible to absorbing gas and the chances is if you go back to that flat there and sink a well and go deep enough that we would strike gas in that country. The thing that I don't understand that it is limestone country and there is about as much water that runs underground that runs on the top of the ground and only when there is a flood or heavy rains that they have water on Big Spring of Elk. The way it got its name is that the water would run for maybe a mile or two and then it would go underground, so it would be dry for a mile or two and then come out again and there would be water for a few hundred feet or a mile. Of course we don't know what all is back in those caverns. I know that one place on my farm about an eight of an acre dropped out of sight just the treetops. Then of course the sink holes through there in different places. You take up around next to Snowshoe, the Rhea place the Vandevender place for about a half a mile there is one sinkhole right after another some two hundred yards apart- almost in a straight line. They've filled up and there are no openings except there is one place on the Vandevender place where you could drop a rock and time it and it takes almost a minute of falling before it



(tape three continued)

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hits bottom -sounds like it hits glass or fossils or something that's down in that cave then it bounces off that into mud and it goes 'kerchug'. Those are mysterious things there. Then too, at the water fountain near Slatyfork the Hugh Sharp cave, as far as I know there has never been anybody to the end of that cave. They've been in for two or three days searching but there are some big rooms in there and then a place to crawl through and other places where there is a river about waist deep. The searchers use carbide lamps and twine to find their way.

When they built the railroad in that section, the blasting caused a lot of the limestone to fall in and now it is too difficult to get into this cave. You could clear it away and probably have enough room to drive a car into it. That country is noted for caverns and high waters and stream beds with no water at all. You cross over the mountain to Dry Branch and for several miles there is no water for miles except when it rains. These are some of the conditions that exist up in that country. Big oil companies at one time leased the land for oil. They had a lease of what was called the Rhea Place for ten years but then they cancelled it within seven years. They decided if the government was not going to back them up on this deep well drilling they would just drop out on it. Of course that's got us in part of the trouble we're in now in the lack of fuel.

Now speaking about the relatives on the Hannah side, my great grandfather Henry or David Hannah was very religious and he wouldn't allow any work to be done on Sunday. He had some brothers I'm pretty sure because just above Frank Hannah's -Sam Hannah's it used to be on the Billy Mace place the corner there was a building a log house that burnt down and this is where this boy lived that died away and came to again and the connections there I'm not too sure about. Aunt Leah Hannah she married another Hannah or just how it was but Aunt Leah was mother to Josie Lewis and Edna Foster and Paul and Silas Hannah of Hinton. Of course Josie Lewis is in Huntington W. Va. And of course we are related to that bunch of Hannah's and we are related to Bowd (?) Hannah and Silas Hannah.

←  
Otha  
Hannah

(END OF TAPE THREE)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FOUR)

I ran out of tape on that side. I don't know whether I stated that my aunt Ella married Bob Gibson a brother of little Jim Gibson and they had several children, Otis, Allie, Florence and Willie and One Gibson. Aunt Malinda married Ellis Hannah. They had a few children; Eva married Charlie Beale, Russell married another Hannah and a sister of Ira of over around Marlinton no relation; Lena married Floyd Baxter over around Warlick and Veo married a Dumire. Lena Baxter had one son; Veo and his wife had some daughters and some sons..two sons died with cancer at a rather early age.

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← (1889-1899)

Getting back to my father. He married a preacher's daughter (Rev. Samuel C. Morgan on the Edray charge- 1880-88-89-91) in the Va. conference later transferred to the Ohio Conference and now a part of the W. Va. conference. It's hard to trace those things because of the different conferences they change to. If I remember right I have in my possession the minutes of the Virginia conference with my grandfather's name in it. Uncle Wallace Sutton on my wife's side of the house was a minister of the Gospel, he married my wife's mother's sister. He gave us some information I didn't write down any points to try to keep things together.

← (see Morgan History page 8)  
D9

Anyway we are related to a lot of people indirectly and I have noway or have not taken the time to do any research about them. Anyway getting to my father's family. My sister Ada was married twice which I think I mentioned a while ago. Her first husband was a Johnson and they had a son Donald who stayed with us several years maybe through high school. He went west to Oregon and is real active in church work out there from what I can understand. He belongs to the Army Reserve was a chef in the army. Then there is Helen Johnson who married Eugene Hannah, son of Lee Hannah. As far as I know we were not related to the George L. Hannah other than George married uncle Harmon's daughter. Of course there was Sheldon Hannah and Bryson Hannah I've heard my dad mention quite a few times. He liked to sing and I think maybe he and my dad held a singing school and old man Ware liked to sing. So Bryson Hannah and there weren't too many of that set of hannah's who were very regular in church attendance. Hugh Hannah's family were very active in church work. There were several of those Hannah's who were school teachers. Bessie, Mary and the one that married the Woodell. Of course Marvin remained on the farm and his son, I think helped my brother Dave out in Cincinnati in the jewelry business, repairing watches and things of that sort. That takes care of most of the history there. Of course there were a lot of people who used to live in that country there that like Vanderbritts and Slankers and Varners- Sam Varner and his brother and Dave Varner who used to live about the Sam Galford property and moved to Cass. A lot of people sold out and moved elsewhere. The property the Kyle Hannah lives in (Russell Hannah) My dad bought two farms there from the Vanderbritts (?) and uncle Ellis Hannah wanted dad to buy those farms for him and seems as if he wanted to buy them and Vanderbritt wouldn't sell them to Ellis for some reason or another and when it came to a showdown when dad told him he wanted the deed made out to uncle Ellis Hannah, he was about to back out on it but finally went ahead and signed the deed, but in that agreement with uncle Ellis Hannah we Sharp's were supposed to have fishing privileges up and down the farm

Nona

(4)

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(SIDE FOUR CONTINUED)

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OF THE BIG Spring of Elk that didn't go dry. It was good fishing territory but they didn't seem to like too much for us to take that privilege after dad had Russell and Ellis and some of them to witness a deed Uncle Hugh Sharp had made to my dad for some property. They seemed to have felt that they should have a part in it. Maybe they should have but they didn't do anything to take care of uncle Hugh and you might say that part of therecord there that I was giving and the tape didn't pick up was....My mother stayed over at the new home and cooked for uncle Hugh while Dave was small. Si and Paul went to school from over there and that's when Dad and I batched over at the old home place. We had the Post office and the store. One of us stayed in the store while the other chores. One time dad sent me up to put on some beans and I didn't know about how many to put on. I thought a pint of red kidney beans wouldn't be too much. I put them in a pot and they kept swelling and kept swelling and for long I had every pot in the place full of beans. We had to send some over to mother and that is one lesson I learned about cooking. It's a good thing we cooked them before eating or we wouldn't be around... My mother took care of uncle Hugh that one winter. Dad hired Rachel Showalter and Barney to come and do the cooking and help on the farm. Barney was one year older than I was. He was on the farm for a number of years. This Mix boy that I could not remember his name was Cameron (Mix). I think he was a twin to another Mix. Of course aunt Eva was there for a while but as I stated uncle Hugh couldn't get along well with the women folks bossing him around, but he could with the men folks. Uncle Hugh was liked by all over the county. People called him uncle Hugh whether they were any relation or not. He had a lot of bear stories he liked to tell. One story that Captain or somebody told on him. When he was a boy he saw a bear and it started towards him and he took to running down over the hill about a half a mile and he crawled in a hollow log so the bear wouldn't see him. After uncle Hugh got a little older he knew that a bear did a little more trailing by smell than by sight. he always said the way to get away from a bear if he attacked you it was best to climb a small tree for it was hard for a bear to reach upound to climb up seems as if that had happened a feww times in those days. Somebody would pick up a cub bear and th e old she bear would happen to be around there was a fight on their hands right then and there. Most of teSharps always enjoyed hunting and wild life.

Meeks  
MICKS

(Meeks  
or  
Micks)

Let's see I think we came down to part of my dad's family. Ada being the oldest graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan College and went on to Argulia (spelling) up in Mass. She took a course in elocution and was very talented along that line and was very entertaining. After a few years she taught school at Slatyfork. Then married Will Curtain of Baltimore. To that union was born, Billy Curtain who was in World War 11 and was in all



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(TAPE FOUR CONTINUED)

OF THE MAIN DRIVES\* IN Africa Sicily and Italy and the front at Argonne and he came out alive but was a very nervous type of man after that. Another boy, Stanley became a school teacher and he and his wife were both school teachers. There was a daughter Clara, married Bill Keene and probably still is there in Baltimore. They come out occasionally to Slatyfork to do a little hunting and so forth.

My dad at one time owned seven of the best houses in Campbelltown. When the Campbell Lumber co. went out of business dad heard about it and went over to Yeager who had charge of the sale of property. Dad bought the three houses on the hill used by the officials of the company and I think three or four houses over in town. He gave each one of us children a house. Of course Ada and Violet sold their houses and after so long a time Junior sold his, a few years ago my brother Si sold his house. Dad, during the depression sold one house to Woodell (he owned property around the hollow he wanted to trade for but dad sold him this property..So I'm the only one that owns any property there in Campbelltown as of now. That's the middle house, lot two on plot three and so dad did quite a lot of investing. He lost in a lot of investments...coal mining, gold mining things of that sort. He invested in Vegley Coal company and Yeager bought a lot of coal land in Kentucky, Ed Williams & Jim Price was connected with it so dad bought some stock in it and I bought some. But Dad's stock was guaranteed by the International Stock Food(?) Co. He got most of his money back. Trouble is the coal company left the property to be sold for taxes and either Yeager or Price or some of the folks who are lawyers found a chance to make some money at it, whether they hung onto it or not or whether they lost their money. One time I invested in Dan Patch Electric Railroad the first electric railroad train in this country that ran from Minneapolis to St. Paul. I invested \$130.00 in it for I thought it would eventually take over and be used in place of steam engines. Different ones who rode on it claimed it was wonderful and I guess it was alright but there is always somebody that knows how to buy out the controlling interest. I also invested in Racer Disc Wheel and Rubber company which built an automobile wheel that was puncture proof. It had a solid rubber tire about an inch and a half thick on a rim and the rim fit down inside two discs and the innertube was the hub of the wheel and you rode on air yet there was no way to puncture the innertube. The only thing that could happen would be through friction. I happened to ride in a demonstrator car that had those wheels on. I happened to have two hundred and fifty dollars and I invested in that Disc company. Dr. Hutchison and several prominent men of Richmond were officials of it and this racer held fifty-one percent interest in the company and he went out to Cleveland or somewhere and he sold out the controlling interest to one of those tire companies and they knew that wouldn't do to have one tire that would last a lifetime of a car and they refused to put it on the market and they did come around with some kind of dope that you could put inside an innertube that would fill up any

(tape four- continued)

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small tack holes but nevertheless I never did get very far investing for financial benefits. I have enjoyed farming and had a gasoline business-American Gas and handled automobile supplies in the twenties and of course I sold out and turned my part over to dad and outside of the parts etc. still have some racks etc that I had tires on. At one time some robbers broke a window out and stole about three or four hundred dollars worth of tires, all that they could put in their car. We traced them, they went to Kentucky. The policeman at that time wasn't too anxious to follow up like the deal that we have today with the detective, so many of them of different kinds that they probably would have caught up with them.

On the relatives on the Hannah side, we have Forrest Hannah, William Hannah and Carrie Hannah lived at Valley Head. They were some of our relations, they were cousins. They called my dad 'cousin'. Carries's mother must have married a Hannah, anyway she wasn't married and yet she carried the H Hannah name. I don't know whether they are related to Leah Hannah that bunch of Hannah's or not but there were two David Hannah's. One on our side was very religious and one on the other side didn't take much interest in church work but was more interested in land deals, and things of that sort. The two sets of Gibson's, on Elk. I think Jim Gibson and Bob Gibson and I think they had a brother Sam who went out west and never did come back so maybe we have some relatives out there. There were a lot of those Gibson boys. There were Sheltons and Jackson's. ....

(END OF TAPE FOUR)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FIVE)

Continuation of the Sharp History--I keep running out of tape. As I said I didn't have any points set down in order to keep the records together as they should be. Speaking of my dad I would like to say that he started out in the mercantile business when he was twelve years old. He borrowed thirty dollars from uncle "Henry" Hannah to buy three calves at ten dollars a piece off of some Hannah. They had plenty of feed to winter them and dad wintered those calves and sold them the next fall for maybe twenty or twenty-five dollars profit on his services for feeding the calves. He probably got twice as much for them the next fall when he sold them. So he went to buying furs and selling them and made some money that way. About that time the Cheery Lumber company built a tram road up Slatyfork and they had trolley cars that were pulled by mules but they had to lay a wooden floor and a track out of two by fours for the truck to run on in order to haul the logs from the head of Slatyfork and in that section there they would 'ball hoop' the logs off the mountain and it was winter time and icy and they had to load them on with cane hooks and things of that sort as they didn't have any hoists of any kind.

on Tape  
Edison  
father →

Bowd  
(5)

CANT  
D9

(side five -- continued)

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(any hoists to get them on the truck). The mills above the old meadow at the old home place at Slatyfork. The parts of the mill were there up into the twenties. We sold part of it as junk to a junk dealer at Clarksburg. He wasn't there with them to see what they got - they were not supposed to take the blocks - the carriage blocks but they disappeared too. While they were cutting the cherry timber all over Slatyfork mountain and Buzzard mountain the men that were doing that sort of thing insisted on my dad putting in a little store there in the lumber room. He got some rough lumber at the saw mill and put up a warehouse or lumber room, 'course later on they built a store. They bought tobacco and things of that sort and got started into the mercantile business that way. It enthused him very much when he was making some money. He raised food on the farm to live off of and the stuff that he bought and sold he considered that his. The funny part of it was in a way, he never once thought of asking uncle Henry Hannah how much interest he charged on the thirty dollars he borrowed and he just thanked him and of course back at that time was probably about four per cent but four per cent was worth as much as eight per cent now. But anyway that gave dad a start in the mercantile business and he built a store and ordered goods from Baltimore and different wholesalers. The tobacco he ordered in drop shipments and he got it less than wholesale prices because of the quantity he bought not only bought furs and sold but bought beef hides and bear hides and even wild animals such as pheasants and squirrels and back at that time you could sell them. They brought a big price, the Jews at that season of the year would pay top prices for them. Dad started buying wool and selling it to different companies that he wrote to and got prices and sometimes he would spend a half day with the wool buyer trying to close out the deal. They brought wool from Randolph county and Webster county and Pocahontas into dad's store and so we had to use this old warehouse to put the wool in and the barn and shed and he had to haul the wool to Marlinton to load in box cars to ship it away. Usually Jim Gibson the Varner's - Harry and Sam Varner, the Sheltons and those people up there had a lot of horses and wagons with the big racks on them to haul hay etc. so they could haul pretty big loads of wool. They haul it in and load it at Marlinton to ship it to Baltimore, Philadelphia and those places so dad made some money on buying and selling wool. And he also bought ginseng and golden seal. Ginseng was a plant the republic of China bought the most of it for medical purposes and some for good luck. The roots of the ginseng when shaped like a man that brought a premium price for that meant good luck and so he made some money off selling ginseng the wild roots. There is a lot of sport in digging wild ginseng, I tried it myself a time or two with some other folks in a rainy time when we couldn't make hay or anything and one would say to another 'Let's go ginsenging.'



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(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED)

We'd get our ginseng hoes and out we'd GO AND DIG GENSENG. Well, dad prospered in the mercantile business and built up a good honest trade and as I said people came from Randolph, Webster and Pocahontas county in to sell their wool and buy their flour - dad even had a grist mill. At one time it belonged to Bryson Griffen and he got so he wasn't able to run the mill so Dad bought the mill and got uncle Sam Gibson to run it until the shaft or something tore up, so Dad had a new mill put in and had the Elbon's(?) from Webster Springs they were carpenters and had the mill designed and they built the shaft out of wood. Dad ordered French burrs from France to grind the corn meal and even corncobs for all to feed the livestock. But the the corn meal was edible. He also put in 'volts' (?) where they could sift the wheat flour. The flour was more or less dark, it didn't have all the vitamins taken out of it and if you wanted to stick your tooth into a good biscuit with cow butter on it why, there's nothin' better than the bread made from the flour of the French burrs. This mill was run by water power, the water went on the inside of the drivewheel instead of the overshot mill like my father-in law had up at Arbovale.

He had a mill up there, an overshot type of mill, that had buckets in and when they filled up the mill wheel moved. This new type of mill and so forth, when it started up would shake the whole building and you'd think it was going to tumble down., it had so much power about it. Anyway after so long a time the business got sort of slack along line and we'd only grind maybe once a week and would have uncle Sam Gibson grind one week and maybe Dad the next. We had to build a mill dam and a shoot for the water to run into this wheel that furnished the power.

And of course, my father went into the general mercantile of all types, ready made clothing, piece goods and groceries and hardware and anything you might need on the farm. Just mention it and he usually either had it or got it for you. Dad also liked to sing. He always maintained a pretty good choir at the church and developed a singing group that he would take to other churches to sing during revival meetings. Even at the county fair, we won a plaque or a medal for being the best choir in the county. Speaking about investments- I had \$250.00 in the Pocahontas County Fair and it was like some of those other businesses. It was sold for taxes so I was out \$250.00 there but I enjoyed the fair. I took my first airplane ride with a man by the name of Scott. He was hauling riders at the fair. My brother, Dave and I, my dad said, "Do you all want to go up?" We said, "Yes."

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We didn't know it, but the pilot was one of these fellows who nipped the bottle a little bit and he told dad as we started to leave the ground, "I'm gonna give them a real good ride. I'll play some stunts with them." Well, he did. He went up there and made a loop the loop once or twice and it seemed like we were just gonna go through the floorboard as we came back down and as we went up we didn't know whether we were gonna stick on the upper side or not. Course we were strapped in, but we enjoyed that ride and it was a small plane. We landed safely.

Most of the rest of the family and my wife especially have ridden a jet plane. She went to Chicago, I believe when Brian was born. She enjoyed the ride on the plane, it was comfortable even though she was sorta scared to start out.

Further, in regard to my dad, he was like my great uncle Hugh Sharp; he had a lotta bees. Dad studied scientific methods of taking care of bees. He advertised the basswood or white lynn honey throughout the state and built up a reputation of being the best flavored honey ever produced in the state of West Virginia. In a few years time the state decided the bee business was growing to such an extent that they needed to have some overseers and inspectors to try to take care that they wouldn't get disease and the people wouldn't have to get out of the bee business. So they came to see my dad to be one of the bee inspectors. Mr. Masey from Wheeling, W. Va. was to be chairman of the bee inspectors, so dad had to spend quite a bit of time during the summer months inspecting bees. If they found foul brood either European or the regular foul brood, the instruction then was to destroy the hive and the bees. The honey was supposed to have been edible and no harm in eating the honey. What they were trying to prevent was the spread of the foul brood and they are still trying to do the same thing today. We found out from experience that if you kept the bees watered, the bees like to have water for the young bees, and you put salt in the water and sometimes salt around the hives it seemed to protect them to a certain extent from taking foul brood. Of course there is a difference in the breed of bees. The Italian bees were as mean as they ever get, about like yellow jackets. They were good housekeepers and would keep the weevils and worms cleaned out where a black bee would just accept them as part of the family and let them go ahead and destroy the brood and eat up the beehive. That's still true today.

My dad was always active in church work. He was layleader glass leader of the church. He and Brice Griffin and uncle Sam Gibson and Sam Hannah, myself and two or three others would be the number that would be at prayer meeting in the winter time. when the snow was deep. When it was pretty a lot of folks would come out to prayer meeting back then that wouldn't have time or think about it today. They would rather stay home and watch television.

(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED)

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NOW, of course we mentioned about Ada's career. Violet married Rufus Markland who finally became vice-president or assistant vice-president of the C. and O railroad. That's a position that cousin Sam Whanger, Ed Whanger also rail-  
roaders finally attained to. My brother-in-law, Rufus died with heart trouble several years ago. My sister lived by herself for a number of years and finally decided to sell out and go to the Methodist Hermitage. She had to pay, I believe, ten thousand dollars invest in the Hermitage plus about on hundred and seventy-five dollars a month for room and board for as long as she lives. Of course, she got all of the needed nursing facilities if she had to go into the hospital, they have hospital services on the third floor. All she had to do is pick up the telephone and call the nurse and she would be there in a minute or two if she were sick or needed help. She was very much satisfied with this sort of a set-up. She could still keep her own car and come and go as she pleased. That's fine, we thought we had something similar to that here in West Virginia and when we voted on it at the Methodist conference, we thought it was for the ministers of the gospels, retired and the laymen, retired and didn't have a home to go to. They could live in this Methodist Hermitage or place and live and be practically free. 'Course that was before social security and that sort of thing came into effect, but today if you own property, you have to dispose of it and turn it over to them and pay them probably two hundred dollars a month for room and board, something on the same order of what my sister has in Richmond, Va.. She inspected three different places, she checked in Cincinnati and W.Va. and Richmond. Violet married a mighty good man, they seldom come any better. Their son, started out to study to be a doctor, he finally edded up working for an electrical company. He is working for Magnavox now as sort of a sales manager and of course, his wife teaches school at times and they had two children, Ann and John. Ann married a Zurr a painter contractor who works for his dad and he's a nice fellow. They all seem to be doing pretty well. ZEHR

after  
Now my sister, Cecola, died in the flu epidemic during the first world's war when she was eighteen years old. She took something like tonsillitis or diphtheria and they lanced her throat and she took blood poisoning. They didn't have streptomycin or penicillin or anything like that to kill it like they do today. She would probably be living today if they had this kind of medical treatment. (1923)

As for myself, I have one girl and two boys. Ramona lives at Parkersburg. She went to school at Morris Harvey and also went to school at Marlinton High School and Poca High School. She graduated at Marietta College after she was married and is now teaching music in several elementary schools. She goes from one school to another and she likes it real well in dealing with the children. They seem to be so enthused over songs that they sing and that sort. The oldest boy of Ramona and Tom, Ramona married Tom Shipley a chemical engineer at the Dupont plant and did work at the Dupont plant at Belle, John graduated from school and he is now a clothing store manager in St. Louis. He married Cindy, I forget her father and mother's name but she is a real nice, quiet girl. They have a son, Jeremy that would be my great grandson.



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(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED)

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Tomas Alan is still in school and he is taking what you might the Hollywood type of training of being in plays and movies and singing. He has a wonderful voice and has won two or three scholarships on that. The younger boy, David, he looks more like the Sharp's than the other two boys. He is at West Virginia University now.

(END SIDE FIVE)

(SIDE SIX)

WHERE I LEFT OFF...I think I told the history of my daughter, Ramona. Then there comes Ralph and Evan. Ralph served a term in the army during the Korean War. He married Rogena Davis. They had four children of this union, Vickie, the oldest, Brian and Kathy and Diane. They bought a house, a fancy home in Albany Georgia. They been down, that was the second time..he had a job with Gravley Tractor company as an engineer and he was transferred down there to manage the plant in Albany Georgia. The chance of promotion didn't appear too good and the suggestions that he made in regard to the company and the new motors that they were putting out and he decided that if they weren't going to pay any attention to his suggestions that he would look out for another job. He did, he went back to Chicago and while he was in Chicago he went to school and worked for a draftsman there in Chicago before he got this job with Gravley and the man he worked for there in Chicago hired him back and he got a job for another company and Ralph worked for him for a few years in making this remote over television using cassettes in the television in place of the current programs so if you wanted to you just slip in a cassette and listen to your own programs. It was getting along pretty good and Sears Roebuck was supposed to be distributors for it but Ralph told them that if they didn't shake a leg a bit and put out more production and try to perfect some of the 'bugs' in the system it wasn't going to work. Ralph was right much to stand up for what he thought was right; so he quit there and went out to Fountain Valley in Calif. working for one of his old bosses he used to work for there in Chicago. He is vice-president or manager of production of this bearing plant where they make bearings for airplanes and motors of that sort and they have more orders than they can fill. When he went out there he had to hunt for a place to live and when you are so far up in the company you have to buy for prestigious sake and had to live in a fairly decent home so I think he overbought there in Fountain Valley..paid too much for this big house which is much bigger than they of course needed. When the prices of utilities and everything went up it made it quite difficult for Ralph to take care of the one family in Albany Georgia and he married a Nancy Darby, a quiet type person and they have one son, Richard in Fountain Valley California. We don't hear from them very often since they are that far away and I don't get to see them so very often. So far they are making good and the children, Rogena is raising are making good grades, one of them is going to school in Norfolk, Virginia and I think Brian wants to go to Charlottesville.

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(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

Brian starts college next year. He got a scholarship. He went to the governor's conference and made grades that justified that sort of thing. Now, Evan went to school at Poca then to West Virginia State for one year. He couldn't get the subjects there that he wanted to take for he wanted to be a forester. He went on to West Virginia University and practically worked his own way through school. We helped him out as we could. He graduated. During the summer months he worked with Mr. Bailey up in Pocahontas county, trapping turkeys, wild life-tagging them and trying them loose etc. He was at the camp over at Albion on Anthony's creek. Later on he got a job with the Virginia forestry division. They liked his work there and they hired him full time when he graduated from U.V.U. He was over in Rockingham County out from Staunton for a couple of years, bought a home and had to sell it when he got a promotion and was sent over to Madison in the eastern part of the state. He was put in charge of a district of three counties, I don't know if I can name the counties; Madison was one and two other adjoining counties. This year he has set out 500,000 trees, he and some high school boys so he had to work long hours to do that. His wife, daughter of Mr. McCutcheon and the sister of Calvin McCutcheon a Methodist circuit rider you might say - he preferred to preach to the country people and has a charge up around Webster Springs, Craigsville and that section and has won several plaques or medals for outstanding work for serving the young people as well as the old people of his charge.

That sort of takes care of my family. I might say that my dad was quite a worker in the church. Of course, Bessie, Ralph and Evan all sang in church choirs as well as myself. I was in hopes of raising a quartet of my own but they soon married off and moved away and that didn't seem to work out very well.

Some of the other things that I left out regarding the history of the Sharp's. On my mother's side of the house. She was a Morgan and my grandmother was a Ramsey. My references made here to the Ramsey reunion history give the history of the Ramsey's on my mother's side. They have a reunion at a place they built at Alvon near the Methodist church there especially for their reunion - a shelter. My grandfather, the preacher, died before I was born. I did know his brother, uncle Clone (?) his brother, he married a sister of Mrs. Hodges, I believe. Their daughter married a Lauder milk. Related to the the Sampson's Boone's and the Whangers and Ware's quite a number of folks around Ronceverte.. Sherwood, one of the Sherwood boys became a preacher. Dan Sherwood was a railroader, he and his wife aunt Sally Ware was grandmother Edith Morgan's sister. I think one of her daughter's married a Boone.. Roy Boone, Rankin and Samuel Boone, Weldon and Edith Boone of the Boone Family related to us. I think aunt Sally Ann Ware and my grandmother Morgan acted as midwives during the births of perhaps myself and my brothers and sisters. Of course there were no doctor's close. Dr. Cameron was over at Mace. Dr. Jim Price and

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

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Steam  
car.

I might say that Dr. Cameron of Mace owned one of the first steam automobiles in the state of W. Va. He had one that was run by steam, used kerosene to heat up the boiler for steam he could make seventy-five, eighty or ninety miles an hour with that thing. It looked a whole lot like a jeep. Our first automobile that we owned was a Studebaker and I had to have cushions put behind me to reach the pedals to be able to drive it. When I bought the thing, Dad went over to town and old man Burr let dad drive the thing around town for about thirty minutes and turned him loose to drive the thing home over the wagon roads, dirt roads. That's the way we learned to drive back in those days. We didn't have to have a license for a few years there 'til they got some better roads and there would be some chance of speeding and having wrecks. If you were going twenty or twenty-five miles and hour you were going at a high speed over those roads.

Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a new Star automobile not long before that and drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage there and rode the train up to Cass, and Genevieve's dad met us up there in his model "T" Ford and took us on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We were starting to Washington D. C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains-log chains and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting there 'til we came along to fasten to the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. So Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had dad up front - he was chauffeuring, and we were riding in style, there; one man out on the radiator as conductor, flagman or something driving a team. After we got out of the mud hole, of course we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Watoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briars and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passenger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but we were about to be a little too late for the train to Washington D.C. We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and I kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sown her gown all up, and she couldn't get inside of it, so she had been sitting in there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on. I thought her heart had failed her, but she finally appeared. So we landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the museum of history and that sort of thing then came on back home.



(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were and she said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk mountain alright and coming down Elk the wind had blown the snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffy-like snow but it was hard down inside. Finally made a way through. My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us, she wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started across the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones came on anyway and we had a very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and we've lived happily together for fifty years. My health has been bad for the last three or four years and I don't expect to have too long to stay here. With the type of disease I have the doctor's are doing the best they can to cure of it. I've been in the hospital three times now in the last year and am still not able to get out and stir around much. I'M still thankful the Lord has spared our lives this long and give us hope of eternity. We've had lots of friends that have been very kind to us and we hope to meet them someday, whether in this life or the life to come.

There are many more things perhaps I should say. On my wife's side of the house there are several preachers. Two of her sister's married preachers. Stella married Hillary Finch and Gaynelle married Ollie Heavener, a United Brethern preacher. Mary, a sister has a boy Billy is a Presbyterian preacher. Stella and Hillary's two boys were preachers, one of them a part time preacher. He was with IBM and was making more money in the sales field and of course liked to take care of his family. As a preacher I understand they got up good sermons and all like that, the Lord bless him and bring him back to the ministry where he belongs. It seems like we all have our troubles. Genevieve's sister, Eloise lost her husband little over a year ago. He died in Waynesboro Va. Marie lost her husband several years ago but she managed to raise her family, a very good family, one of them has an airplane taxi in Lewisburg. If you wanted to go somewhere in a hurry, he would take you. So I married into a good religious family and the Sharp's Ramsey's and the Morgan's were all considered very nice people. Fordy Morgan was uncle Tom Morgan's son and he went to Washington D.C. and had some children. We have relatives scattered all over the United States, I reckon. Si chose to remain single rather than get married. Dave owns the store building at Slatyfork and has somebody to operate it. The jewelry shop in Cincinnati, he repairs watches etc. He married a Friel girl, Sylvia they have an adopted daughter that is a wonderful girl and has been a great help to them and a great blessing to them.

Note: Submitted to Pocahontas County  
History Book 1981

Ivan Lilburn Sharp

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In early June, 1921, Ivan Sharp returned home to Slatyfork from his studies at West Virginia Wesleyan College. His father, L. D. had plans for him. He was to take Si, Paul and Creola Sharp to Arbovale for J.H. Hall's Singing School. They would drive there in the Studebaker and room with Mrs. Summers Sutton for the week.

A local girl, Genevieve Orndorff, was also attending the school. Sometime during the week, Ivan asked to drive her home. She suggested they walk. The unpaved North Fork road to J.B. Orndorff's home was very muddy.

Ivan Sharp became accustomed to the road to Genevieve's door. In the next three years he would make numerous Sunday trips, arriving in time for church, to spend the day with Genevieve. In 1923, under an apple tree, he proposed marriage. J. B. and Cora Ella (Ervin) Orndorff gave their blessing.

February, 6, 1924, Ivan Lilburn Sharp and Jessie Genevieve Orndorff were married in the front parlor of the Orndorff home at eleven in the morning: Reverend Harris, Methodist minister of Arbovale charge, officiating with Mary Margaret Orndorff and Si Sharp in attendance. Martha, the organist, played the traditional wedding march for the processional down stairway and hall. The bride was dressed in a blue suit with grey squirrel collar, grey shoes and grey silk hose; the groom in a blue serge suit. The guests were served a turkey dinner after the ceremony. (Some members of the family missed the ceremony- Eloise Orndorff, age six, was behind the stove crying.... Lila Orndorff and Aunt Lola Sheets had gone to the well.)....(Lola was probably trying to get the sugar from her hands for she had helped 'ice' nine cakes.)

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Ivan and Genevieve planned to honeymoon in Washington, D. C. They did. In that week, Woodrow Wilson passed away. Genevieve remembers the pallor over the city. They visited, the Smithsonian, the Congressional Library and the Zoo. Genevieve had never seen a leopard; the one she saw at the National Zoo presented her with an indelible souvenir, claw marks on a brand-new silk umbrella.

For Ivan's recollections, here are his recorded memories taped in November 1974: "Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a new Star automobile. I drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage. We rode the log train up to Cass, Genevieve's dad met us there in his model "T" Ford and took us on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We started to Washington D.C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains, log chains, and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting there 'til we came along to fasten the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had my dad up front, chauffering. We were riding in style with a man on the radiator conducting us through the mud with a team of horses! After we got out of the mud hole, we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Watoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briars and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passenger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but were about a little too late for the train to Washington, D.C.



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"We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here- her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sown her gown all up and she couldn't get inside of it! She had been sitting un there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on.....I thought her heart had failed her, but she finally appeared."

"We landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the Museum of History and that sort of thing and then came on back home."

"While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were. She said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up.. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk mountain all right and coming down Elk the wind had blown the snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffly-like snow but it was hard down inside.

We finally made our way through."

"My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us. She wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started over the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones who came on anyway and we had a

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very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and we've lived happily together for fifty years."

Ivan Lilburn Sharp was born at Slatyfork, July 27, 1900, son of Luther David and Laura Jane (Morgan) Sharp. He died March 22, 1975 and is buried at the Sharp Cemetery at Slatyfork. Jessie Genevieve (Orndorff) Sharp was born in Arbovale, August 5, 1905 and now resides in Waynesboro, Virginia. Ivan and Genevieve had three children: Ramona Irene Sharp Shipley born at Slatyfork August 26, 1928, Ralph Myers Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philipi April 7, 1933. Evan Lilburn Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philipi December 28, 1940 died November 17, 1975.

April 1893. Their relationship is not known, but it was not father and son.

8. Randolph Morgan lived two miles below Nonrevorte. It is said that he had the first flour mill in the town. He was married to Follie "Mae" Myers, also of Irish descent. She was a sister of Charles Myers. They lived near Nonrevorte in the Irish Corner District. Follie Myers was born in 1810.

The children of Randolph and Follie Myers Morgan were (ages according to 1880 census)

- (1) Albert born 1841
- (2) Charles Lewis born 1844
- (3) Samuel Craft born July 8, 1847
- (4) Columbus born 1851
- (5) Virginia
- (6) unknown child

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RANDOLPH MORGAN

The Morgans were of Welch decent, having come<sup>m</sup> from Wales and settled in Virginia.

Randolph Morgan was born in Rappahannock County, Virginia on April 2, 1815. He came to Greenbrier County in company with Noah Morgan about 1833. Their relationship is not known, but it was not father and son.

Randolph Morgan lived two miles below Ronceverte. It is said that he had the first flour mill in the town. He was married to Pollie "Mary" Myres, also of Irish decent. She was a sister of Charles Myres. They lived near Ronceverte in the Irish Corner District. Pollie Myres was born in 1810.

The children of Randolph and Pollie Myres Morgan were:  
(ages according to 1880 census)

- (1) Albert born 1841
- (2) Charles Lewis born 1844
- (3) Samuel Craft born July 8, 1847
- (4) Columbus born 1851
- (5) Virginia
- (6) Unknown child



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The second marriage of Randolph Morgan was to Mrs. Ellen Wain. She was born in 1824. They were married March 23, 1887 in Greenbrier County. She survived her husband.

Randolph Morgan died at his home below Ronceverte on May 6, 1927. The cause of his death was a general breaking down of his physical powers from old age. Funeral services were conducted at the house by the Rev. L. B. Markwood, followed by burial in the Coffman graveyard.

W. L. Morgan 2 years  
W. L. Morgan 2 years  
W. L. Morgan 2 years  
W. L. Morgan 2 years

W. L. Morgan 2 years

W. L. Morgan 2 years

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ALBERT MORGAN

Albert Morgan was born in 1841 in Greenbrier County. On August 24, 1865 he was married to Rebecca Whanger (born 1847), the daughter of David and Nelly Whanger. She was born in Greenbrier County.

The following children's initials were listed in the census of 1880.

M. E.	Female	13 years
S. E.	Male	12 years
E. A.	Female	8 years
V. S.	Female	6 years
A. L.	Male	3 years
S. F.	Female	1 year

Added to this are two known children: Ernest and Grace.

Grace Morgan was born October 19, 1886 and died in a Thomasville N. C. nursing home in November, 1974 after a long illness. She was married to Benjamin B. Brown. She was buried in the Ketron Cemetery near Ronceverte. Survivors include four sons: Guy of Indian Valley Covington, Va.; Ben B. and Archie, both of Highpoint, N. C.; <sup>Earl</sup> ~~Guy~~ of Covington, Va. three daughters: Mrs. Pauline Ford of Earlehurst, Va.; Mrs. Gladys Brisendine of Westwood, Covington, Va.; and Mrs. Margare Young of Clifton Forge, Va.

CHARLES LEWIS MORGAN

Charles Lewis Morgan was born in 1844 and was married to Louise Eades on September 21, 1865. She was born in 1842, the daughter of Sam and Harriet Eades in Monroe, Va. Charles Lewis Morgan died December 17, 1898 at his home in Irish Corner District near Runnysverte. He died of cancer. He was a farmer. No children were listed for the couple in the census of 1880.



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COLUMBUS MORGAN

Columbus Morgan was born in 1851. He was married to Malinda Howard who was born in 1856. Columbus died in 1927 or 28.

They were the parents of two daughters according to the census of 1880 and are listed as:

N. A. Female 2 years

M. F. Female 1 year

A son was born later. His name was Ford E. Morgan. He was living at 330 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C. in 1944.

Columbus Morgan was living in the Fort Spring District when the census was taken in 1880.